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*The Need of the Month — Israel*

# THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth: to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.

— *Romans* 1.16.

*Published Bi-monthly by the*

**AMERICAN-EUROPEAN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP**

15 PHILIPSE PLACE, YONKERS 3, N. Y.

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Published Bi-monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

VOL. XXIX
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MAY-JUNE
1948

CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

## *A Brave Doctor*

Dear Friends of the American-European Fellowship:—

I am sure you must have been impressed with the splendid letters from Dr. James Yuk, in Palestine. The eyes of all the world are on that land. Jews and Arabs plan and scheme diabolical plots to kill one another. Both imagine they are right in their killings. Quietly, without any sensational display, Dr. Yuk goes on with his great work. All are welcomed at his medical mission hall. I wonder how many of you would like his job? How many could endure the Satanic atmosphere and dreadful happenings?

Let me ask you, Do you pray for the doctor? If so, do you have any assurance that God hears and answers? Or do you pray mechanically? I ask these questions in order to help you. There is so much prayer today that is nothing but a a jumble of pious sentences. There is a very subtle form of selfishness in prayer: "I, me, my," it is all "what I want."

The best remedy for selfish and dead prayers is *the living Word of God.* There must be confession of sin,—personal sin, religious sin, and national sin. Read the ninth chapter of the Book of Daniel. Pray on that line of truth for Palestine. Hold on to it. Pray the publican's prayer also, and apply Psalm 51 to your own heart. Never mind popular criticisms about David; *you must be true to God.* Let the confession be real, from your heart. Confess sin for America and Great Britain. Call sin—sin. Hit the nail on the head.

Then, after a little quiet, God will speak. "Be still and know that I am God." Believe—trust—expect—give thanks. All can be done in a moderate space of time. Ask that Dr. Yuk shall be kept at the foot of the Cross, and may know the fullness of Resurrection power, that souls may be won for Jesus.

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear" (Isaiah 65.24).

Yours in His glad service,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

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# The Need of the Month — Israel

JEAN W. RHODE

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee." Those words of St. Augustine's might be written over the whole history of my early life.

Born in Germany, but brought up in Philadelphia, from my girlhood I was eager to "go on the stage." My initial success was followed by a ten-year career as a professional dancer. In spite of my good resolutions, it was easy to take a first step in the wrong direction. After a few years of theatrical life, I was quite as coarse, vulgar and sophisticated as the other girls, whom I had formerly loathed. Drink and cigarettes were daily necessities to me. Yet in my heart was the desire for a better life.

On spending a vacation at my home in Philadelphia, I found that my sister had attended a Victorious Life Conference and had found her Saviour there. Her testimony impressed me deeply. I was convicted of sin, and at an evangelistic meeting in the Locust Theatre I accepted Christ as my personal Saviour. Thus I found a peace and happiness which the world cannot give.

My trunks were packed for the return to New York City to resume my profession, but that was not God's plan for the remainder of my life. By His grace I was enabled to give up my drink and cigarettes, and I became a student in the Bible Institute of Pennsylvania. On completion of my training, I had the problem of service before me. Where was it to be, and under whom?

As I think of this period of my life, I feel led to exclaim: "Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me." God had laid the need of Jewish evangelism upon my heart while I was yet a student. When I looked to Him for guidance respecting my field of service, John 15.16 was deeply impressed on me: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should *go* and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should abide; that whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, He may give it you." To me, "go" meant foreign service.

At that time, Brother O. R. Palmer, of Berachah Church in Philadelphia, had just returned from a trip to Europe. His report of the needy people of Eastern Europe had stirred many hearts to action. His earnest prayers that God would send laborers into His harvest-field were not wholly in vain. I, for one, was led to apply to the American-European Fellowship—the mission which he was largely instrumental, under God, in founding—for service in Poland, and I was accepted by this dear man of the Lord. After I had heard and met Miss Margaret Griffith, also recently back from Eastern Europe, and had prayed with her for God's directive will, the way opened. She wisely encouraged additional training at the Moody Bible Institute, with special reference to the problems of Jewish evangelization.

*"How odd of God*
*To choose the Jews";*
*But still more odd*
*Of men to choose*
*The Jewish God,*
*Yet spurn the Jews.*
—Author unknown.

In due time I arrived in New York City, and was joined by Miss Grace E. Mott, who became my co-worker and friend. We were graciously aided in our preparation by our brother in the Lord, Rev. Norman J. Smith, the General Director of the American-European Fellowship. He knew all about the needed passports, visas, sailings and passage arrangements, and spared neither time nor effort to assist us. He also thoughtfully arranged several farewell meetings, thus securing the additional prayer-support which was so necessary for us. Truly he became our guardian angel.

On November 15, 1948, it will be twenty years since Miss Mott and I sailed from New York City for Warsaw, Poland. It seems incredible that God should choose such a weak instrument as myself, among others, for the starting of a work of evangelization among the women and children in the largest Jewish center in Europe, then comprising a Ghetto of some 400,000 Jews. But is anything too hard for the Lord? Does not the Apostle Paul tell us that when we are weak, then we are strong in Him?

Grace Mott was the only daughter of an aged Methodist minister, and had taught school before yielding her life to the Lord for Christian service. She was a seasoned missionary to the Jews of New York City, and deeply skilled in the work. During our first summer in Poland, we were instrumental in bringing the first group of twelve boys and one girl to our beautiful Fellowship property, Villa Bethel at Radost (the name means "joy"), for two weeks in the open air. Few, if any, of these children had ever been outside the congested, filthy Ghetto.

This was the beginning of a ministry which was singularly owned and blessed of God. It spread like wildfire. We were besieged with requests, and before long we were not able to fill all the applications to take Jewish boys and girls to our "camp." What an opportunity to teach them the Word of God! How aptly they memorized long passages, and recited them later to relatives and neighbors! Soon they were singing the glad songs of Zion, and such hymns as "What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

Grace did not spare herself, but did the most menial work, and God graciously gave me the strength and love to follow suit. Like our soldiers from the trenches, the children needed "de-lousing" when they came to us. Later the forbidden green apples in the orchard, indulged in secretly, did more than anything else to try us.

In the fall we were led to Warsaw, to follow up the work begun at "camp." Visiting those who had been with us during the summer, we realized how wonderfully God had undertaken for us. It was a shock to see their living conditions—whole families packed into one room, sometimes a damp, dark basement or a tiny attic. Parents were glad to let their children come to the classes which we were eager to start. Soon the Saturday afternoon meetings were well attended. Soon, too, opposition to these efforts to reach the people with the Gospel was apparent. The children were threatened with expulsion from their classes at the synagogues if they continued visiting the "missionaries." God helped us to show the people kindness in their dire needs. This brought many to seek us in spite of their blind leader's warnings.

It was a real surprise to see how eagerly hands were outstretched to receive the Christian literature which we had liberty to distribute in the

MISS RHODE WITH "FRESH-AIR" CHILDREN AT RADOST

streets and market-places. Men and women surrounded us in groups, desiring the leaflets. It was a new thing to see American women "in the highways and byways," seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel. What sights we saw at night! Young Jewish girls were selling themselves to the highest bidders, bargaining with the would-be buyers against their competitors. There were so many of them, and there was no way to make a decent living.

After the third summer of an increasingly successful ministry, during which ever-larger groups were entertained, we realized how much the opposition had grown also. My co-worker, Grace Mott, was brutally murdered in our mission hall in Warsaw, on the afternoon of April 14, 1932. The motive, so far as it could be ascertained, was that of robbery, also of putting an end to our work. While thorough investigations were made by the authorities, the murderer was never apprehended.

The funeral service was held on April 19th, and Miss Mott's body was laid to rest in the cemetery of the Reformed Church. A large company of Christians of every denomination attended. Messages were given in Polish, German and English. Pastor Bernhard Goetze was in charge. The American Consul, who sought to render every possible service after the tragedy, said with much feeling: "The service was most impressive, and I am glad I was privileged to be present." Our own missionary, Rev. Fred Stettler (now working in Switzerland, but then in Poland) wrote of Miss Mott: "She was a saint, spending many hours in prayer, and even whole nights. Although she had an excellent college education, yet she did not hesitate to do menial work in the poorest of Jewish homes, and spent not only her whole strength and life, but all she had, in the service of the Lord."

During this time of trial we were greatly aided by such Christian leaders in Poland as Pastor Goetze and Brother Stettler. Their services at the time of the funeral will always live in my memory, though I was as one dazed. Later, our good friends of the Fellowship, Mr. and Mrs. F. Spencer Johnson, came from England to comfort and encourage us. One other worker must be mentioned at this point—a dear girl named Emilia Schmidt, who, with her mother, lived at our Villa Bethel and did much to help and care for the Jewish people. The comfort ministered to us by our visiting friends must have done much to prepare Emilia and the others for the ravages of the cruel war a few years later.

This tragedy almost ended our work, and came near finishing my own life and hope as well. It was a shock from which I have never fully recovered. Satan was determined to silence the testimony. But the Lord gave His strength, in the midst of great weakness, to hold on for nearly two years longer, until our new worker, Miss Tordis Christoffersen, could join us to take over. Though my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth while speaking to overflowing meetings, in the very hall where Grace had become our martyr, the witness stood. Finally the strain caused a complete physical collapse, and in 1934 I was compelled to leave. The cost of holding on for those two years was not counted too dear.

I then went to England, where I hoped to regain sufficient health to permit me to return to Poland. But God decreed otherwise. A still, small voice within kept saying, "Florida." Not knowing anyone there, I dismissed the thought. Yet, in less than a month after my return to the dear homeland, I found myself in Tampa, Florida! It was all so miraculous, I had to accept it as the Lord's loving provision for my recovery from the shock, strain and illness of the past few years.

In time, doors for service began to open here in Florida. Believers of like mind prayed with me for a work of evangelization among the Jewish folk of St. Petersburg and Tampa. God is still blessing the efforts, made by several of us now, to reach His ancient people with the Gospel. A prayer band, meeting each Thursday afternoon for prayer for Israel around the world, is one phase of the ministry. This group has been led to send generous offerings to help in the support of the Fellowship's missionary in Palestine, and at other times for our worker in France. It is now helping with parcels for the needy in Europe.

From a displaced persons' camp in Germany, we heard recently from one of the first girls Grace and I brought to Radost. Rose is now married and has a child. She made a profession of faith in the Lord, years ago. We were happy to send her parcels of used clothing and food; the Scriptures in Hebrew and Yiddish were sent also. We trust to win the husband. Will you not join us in prayer to that end? We are also seeking to help a young preacher who risked his life to aid Jewish people during the war. We have been able to help him and a dozen or so other believers, but would like to do much more. Emilia Schmidt, also, has been heard from—she is now in Germany, ill and in need. During the war years, she and her mother (who is now dead) sheltered and helped fugitive Jews, even when this was an offense punishable by death.

Visitation in shops, homes and hotels is another aspect of my ministry here in St. Petersburg, Florida. This very morning, two dear people of the Jewish race were contacted on a wide hotel veranda. Before our parting, the man confessed his faith in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. We also visit the parks and beaches. A winter resort has both advantages and disadvantages, since the population is "floating." We cannot maintain our contact with some who make professions of faith. We must leave them with the Lord, as we had to leave Rose and many others in Poland.

Recently we were much encouraged by four professions of belief, two by Jewish people and two by Catholics. The dear Jewish child of ten, and the Catholic young man, are where we can see them from time to time. The others were tourists and are gone. Please pray for all of them, and for the goodly number who have accepted a free copy of the New Testament from us.

Where the Lord is pleased to work, we have experienced many subtle attacks by the enemy. This has been the case here, just as it was in Poland. I have not been well for some years. Recently I was involved in an automobile collision, causing more nerve shock and exhaustion. Yet the Lord enables me to go on in His strength, and with increasing blessing. This is because of the prayers of His people. We covet yours. There is a deep need at this time for new friends and prayer-partners, to help us maintain and enlarge our service. May the Lord bless you all.

JEAN W. RHODE.

Editorial Notes.—The story of Miss Rhode's early life has been published by the American-European Fellowship under the title, "Dancing Feet and an Aching Heart"; copies may be obtained on request. The pages of her report are studded with familiar names. Miss Tordis Christoffersen and Rev. Fred Stettler need no introduction to readers of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD. Pastor Bernhard Goetze and Mr. F. Spencer Johnson, also, are frequent contributors to these columns. The Fellowship is in constant touch with others mentioned above, and is seeking to relieve their need, so far as possible.

Our beautiful property at Radost suffered terribly during the late war; the fruit-trees are gone, the fences torn down, the house itself badly damaged. It has been repaired and maintained by a local group of Polish Baptists, with the permission of the Fellowship. This summer—the crowning touch of appropriateness—it will again be used for fresh-air work. Rev. Alfred Kurzawa is planning to hold a special vacation school there for children and young people, and some Bible courses later on. The future of this property is in the hands of the Lord.

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## *In the Cauldron of Russia*

LIFE OF THE REV. I. S. PROKHANOFF. Eighth Installment.

No greater time of calamity has ever visited our country than the years 1917 to 1922. The war had left millions of families destitute, and the whole country exhausted. In 1920-1921 there was a great failure of crops, which resulted in an unparalleled famine. The number of victims would have been simply appalling, if at that time help had not come from the generous American people through the American Relief Association. I cannot describe the joy we felt as we received these food parcels.

At that time I felt it was my duty to serve the suffering brethren and sisters. Very often I was called to visit those who were sick from typhus and cholera. I read the Word of God and prayed. Though constantly exposed to infection, I was never ill. The Evangelical movement did not decrease, but, as a grain of mustard seed, increased in a wonderful way.

To the calamities described above, I must now add the Terror. In every village and town, revolutionary tribunals were set up, and hundreds of people were brought before the officials day and night. A few were liberated again, others were sent to prison, but many were shot immediately. The aim was to annihilate the leaders of the bourgeoisie, capitalism, and all men of influence who might be in sympathy with the old regime.

I decided to send my family to the South, but myself to remain in Petrograd. On May 13, 1919, my wife and my two boys—Yaroslav, 17 years old, and Vsevolod, 15 years old—departed for the city of Tiflis, in the Transcaucasus, where my wife's parents lived, and where food conditions were better than in the other provinces of Russia. I received a letter from them as they passed through Moscow, and another from Kharkov, about June 10th. After that, I heard nothing at all from them or about them until October of the same year. I continued my daily ministrations to our remaining brethren, but my heart was not light.

On the night of July 30th, after midnight, I had a terrible dream, which I can never forget. I saw my wife dying as clearly as in reality, and I kissed her face and wept bitterly. I awoke and found I was perspiring and trembling. I knelt before my bed and prayed, not knowing what the dream meant. In the morning, when I told my dream to the servant, she said that she also had seen my wife dying. This put me in even greater anxiety, but I still could not hear anything about my family, because of the conditions of civil war in the country, which barred the passage of news.

In October, a certain brother reached Petrograd from the South, and he told me: "I heard that your wife passed away." But he could give no particulars. In December I received a post-card from a brother in Melitopol, saying: "Your wife died at Vladikavkaz on the night of July 30th." That was the night on which I had the terrible dream of her death.

Afterward I learned the particulars regarding the death of my wife. Her journey had been interrupted and delayed, because of the congestion of the railroads. On the very day of their arrival at Vladikavkaz, my wife fell ill with Asiatic cholera, which is the most dangerous form. All possible measures were taken, but nothing availed, and she died toward three or four o'clock in the morning. She was buried in that city, in the grave of the Prokhanoff family.

Her mother took charge of my sons for a time, and they did not return to Petrograd until June, 1921. The elder son arrived first, after a terrible journey, during which he was often in danger of death. But after all his trials and hardships, he reached Petrograd, in torn clothing and worn-out shoes, and came and knocked at the door of our apartment. It was opened by the servant.

Yaroslav said: "Is my father at home?"

She answered: "No, your father is in prison at Tver."

What had happened was this. In spite of cold, semi-starvation and exhaustion, we had continued and expanded our work. Our Young People's Conference had been fixed for May 5th, in the city of Tver, where we hoped the local believers could supply us with some bread and potatoes. The delegates were poorly clad and hungry, but cheerful and full of joy. On my arrival they greeted me with singing.

We had our early meetings as usual, choosing officers, etc., but on the second day of the Conference, the Cheka police and officials burst in with their guns, and the whole Conference, about 47 delegates, was marched away to prison. We sang as we went, and continued our conference in the prison. Here my sons came to see me, and wept as they looked at me through the grating of the hard-labor camp gates.

*(To be continued)*

# A Visit to the Province of Mendoza

In this distant province, around the railway station of Boven, live many of our immigrants. They are gardeners, raising pepper, alfalfa, grapes, and vegetables. The gardens are usually small. At first their life was hard, since many of them, coming from Europe (chiefly from Poland) were very poor.

The land here is highly saline. In many places, especially early in the morning, one may see the ground covered as if with freshly fallen snow; this is the saltpetre, which has come to the surface during the night. Years of cultivation are needed before the land will produce a good harvest.

The gardens are irrigated by water, brought through canals from the mountains of Chile. Everything depends on this, as the rain falls very seldom. Again, when the fruits are ripening, a small cloud may appear in the sky, and a hard storm of only a few minutes' duration, accompanied by a strong wind, will ruin the whole harvest. Then the farmer has to wait another year before he can gather in the fruit.

Among these settlers there are many Evangelical believers, and Boven is the center of their society. Often I have worked here, and the Lord has blessed us. Converts have been baptized in the river, in the presence of throngs of people. Sometimes God has sent upon the people a special longing to hear His Word.

Recently I had an invitation from the church in Boven to be present for the dedication of the new prayer-hall, which has been erected through the efforts of the local group. Unfortunately I could not be there that day, as we already had special meetings and baptisms scheduled in Buenos Aires for the same time. But my wife and I travelled to Mendoza the following week. There they told us that the opening of the prayer-hall had been a joyful occasion, attended by throngs of people from far and near. There was preaching in Russian and Spanish, followed by a general dinner for all.

The prayer-hall is built of brick, and stands near the public school and other impressive buildings. It is spacious and handsome, accommodating three hundred people. On the front wall, in large letters, is inscribed: "Repent Ye, and Believe in the Gospel." Other appropriate texts are to be read here and there.

The next Sunday, March 21st, five people were baptized. Easter Week followed, with a series of evening meetings. On Easter Sunday we celebrated the Lord's Supper. In the evening there was a special program, with music by our young people. During our stay in Mendoza, whatever free time we had was spent in house-to-house visitation. The Lord blessed this work also. There is a great need for tracts, of which we could use thousands, especially in Spanish, as well as in Russian.

The two weeks of our service in Mendoza passed quickly, and I had to return home for our annual regional conference in Buenos Aires. My wife remained a little longer in Mendoza (the climate there is beneficial to her), laboring among the women, both in the church, and also in the homes of the unbelievers. May the Lord bless all of our efforts for Him. Pray for these Slavonic believers, so far from their native land, and especially for our fine young people. We thank God that they wish to live and work for His glory.

Your missionary to the Russians of Argentina,

JOHN KOVALCHUK.

# Czechoslovakia Carries On

Dear Prayer-helpers:—

Lately we have begun to study the First Epistle of Peter, taking it verse by verse. In view of the present circumstances, it comes to us with a new force, as it is addressed to the scattered believers, thus also for us. It gives a blessed assurance to those who have been begotten again to a lively hope, guaranteed by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is for an inheritance, in contrast to the effort to seize all you can, any way you can. Thus it also looms gloriously that this inheritance is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away, reserved in heaven, instead of ill-gotten and hidden away, to be enjoyed by a few, despite pretensions of equality.

This morning I was interested to see the new postage stamp, with the face of Dr. George Washington Carver on it. Just before, I had in my hand a letter from my cousin, wherein he made the remark that they would not treat the black and red races as they do in the United States. But would anyone, white or colored, have such a chance here as the slave boy Carver had in America? It does not look like it, judging from recent remarks on the restriction of liberty of action and production. I do not follow the claims of politics, only see what is happening.

Sad to say, the action of religious leaders does not inspire, either, to real confidence in their supposed calling. It will be interesting to notice the effects of the proposed separation of Church and State. This was suggested at the formation of the first Republic, but thwarted by the stand of those who propose it now. The only reason I see is, that now it will be carried out in quite a different way. It remains to be seen what effect this will have on the population in general. In a way it is but right, for even we have to pay taxes to support this religious perversity, just because it is state-sponsored. It is a challenge for special prayer, that some who are now in fear of the religious hypocrites may see their opportunity to turn from idolatry and superstition to the true God.

Speaking of letters, there are others of interest. A man of sixty-seven years, realizing that he has not much more time, wants to be clear about the way of salvation, so as not to fall into any Pharisaic pretensions, like those of Sabbatism, as he says. He asked for some of our literature, particularly on that "ism," which is spreading in his vicinity.

A young man from the Bata shoe factory received an invitation, through tracts on the street, and came to the meetings several times while in town. He was quite interested in our presentation of the Gospel, and we directed him to a Gospel meeting in his town.

Our nurse, though now carrying full-time service at the hospital, besides the study in classes, still finds time to go through a large block of tenements, putting a tract into every mailbox. Mrs. M., our "inviting sister," spoke to two men, two weeks ago, pointing out the shortness of time; last week both had their funerals on the same day. Last night she related how two sergeants, whom she was "taking" to the meeting, tried to make sport of her by hailing every soldier they met on the way, urging them to come along. It caused quite a little stir of amusement on the streets, giving thus an involuntary testimony.

In His glad service, yours,

CHARLES AND EDNA LUKESH.

# The Servant of Israel Speaks

American-European Fellowship Clinic,
Jaffa, Palestine, April 4, 1948.

Dear Dr. Smith:—

Today is Sunday, the clinic is closed, and I have a little more time for a detailed answer to your good letter of March 13th. On Sundays we have meetings at four o'clock. I would like to write a great deal, and there is much to write about. We are now living through a very interesting time in Palestine, as if in the era of the prophets, but Israel is now oppressed and beset by difficulties. They have begun to bomb Tel Aviv heavily, and a number of houses have been destroyed. Saturday night I heard on the radio the appeal of the High Commissioner to the Jewish and Arab population to terminate the war and sign a truce. It seems that this had some effect: things have become quieter, but still the sound of firing is heard. But life in Tel Aviv seethes with fervor; the inner will of the people, to endure this time and win their freedom, is very strong; their energy is astonishing.

You were asking about my family. My mother died before I was twenty; my father died six years later, and then my sister, and now I have not a single relative remaining. But I praise the Lord that He is my Father, and in Him I have many brothers and sisters. I felt this especially, while I was in Czechoslovakia this past summer. What joy I had in fellowship with the Christian brethren in Prague! May the Lord reward them for the hospitality and kindness they showed me. A few days ago I had a letter from Prague: they write that large meetings are being held there, the people are hungry to hear the Word of God, and many are turning to Christ. Oh, if the Lord would give such an awakening here too! But here the soil is hard and stony, for the time has not yet come, the time for the conversion of Israel.

In the name of our nurses (who are going to write you a letter themselves) and in my own, I thank you heartily for the help and support given to them. In the previous clinic, where we had a great number of patients, although the fees for treatment were very small, still there was a modest sum accumulated, which was sufficient to care for their few wants. I did not want to trouble the Fellowship concerning their support, except in case of extreme need. But now, when the patients are fewer, and many of them are very poor (being "displaced persons" from the suburbs of Tel Aviv), it will be a very good thing if you can take some thought for them. They have richly deserved this, being self-sacrificing workers, wholly devoted to Christ and His cause, as I have had occasion to prove many times.

The mother of our Nurse Dossik lives in a small wooden house in the center of Tel Aviv, and has a little flower-garden, in the midst of the tall stone buildings round about it. They have a great number of Jewish acquaintances. They themselves are Russian people, who came to the Holy Land about a quarter of a century ago, in order to live where once the Master walked. The aged mother sells flowers from her little garden, and many Jewish ladies come to purchase the blooms, so beautiful and so inexpensive. Then Mrs. Dossik, while selling the flowers, often has long talks with them about Christ. Nurse Dossik helps her mother in the garden, and patients sometimes come to her in the evenings, for treatment of infections.

JAMES YUK.

# A Garland for Dr. Yuk

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, Who rises
With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

These words of William Cowper have been proved true, time and again, in the Christian experience of us all. After great sorrows come great consolations. We pray that they may be true also for Dr. Yuk, following the grave disaster of the destruction of his clinic in Tel Aviv, last December. The work of fitting up, and using, the new clinic in the Hall Pniel, is going steadily on, so far as we know.

But the mail service to Palestine was suspended on May 1st, and since then we have heard nothing. The letter from Dr. Yuk, which you have read on the previous page, was of course received before that time. We have printed just half of that letter; the second half, which is no less interesting, will appear in our next issue. So at present we cannot send the doctor our letters, or the magazine. We can still cable remittances, and God has made it possible for us to contribute largely to the building of the new clinic.

Dr. Yuk would be greatly cheered if he could read what his friends have written, in making their generous donations for the clinic, or for the purchase of his motorcycle (the complete price of which was sent to him in the middle of April). It seems as though each gift arose out of peculiarly touching circumstances.

"I had decided to go home by plane, and was really anticipating a new experience. Then, as I read in the January-February HARVEST FIELD about the bombing of Dr. Yuk's clinic, I said, 'Father, I will go home by car and give the difference to Thee for Dr. Yuk. I look to Thee to give strength for the trip.'" Her prayer was answered, and the gift was given.

"I do rejoice that the Lord has enabled us to have a part in securing, as soon as possible, the needed motorcycle for Dr. Yuk. I would like him to know that regularly, for ten years or more, my sister (who is now with the Lord) and I have contributed each month, and prayed frequently for him and all his work. If our loved ones are permitted to know what takes place here at all, I know her joy will be even greater than mine; and I am using the old signature, as when she was here."

"Because of the time your letter arrived, I take it the Lord wants me to help get Dr. Yuk's motorcycle. Mother left this earth for heaven on March 31st, and I was meditating on what Mother would desire me to do, when your letter came. So I send this as a memorial to her."

"I am able to send this gift at the present time, because my sister, who passed away recently, left a small amount of money, and I know she would be pleased to have it used in this way. My eyesight is very poor, but when I think of what some people are afflicted with, my troubles do not seem so heavy after all. I hope that Dr. Yuk may be able to buy the motorcycle he needs so much in his work, and that the Lord will use it for His glory."

# Who Will Support a Nurse in Palestine?

In his years of work at the clinic, Dr. Yuk has had the loyal support and aid of two efficient, consecrated nurses, Miss Adele Dossik and Mrs. Vera Naumenko. You have read his tribute to them, in this present issue. It will be remembered that they risked their lives to save his, at the time of the despoiling and wrecking of the clinic, last December.

Because of the circumstances described by Dr. Yuk, the Fellowship has now assumed the responsibility for sending each of these valued workers ten dollars a month for her support. So far, we have been able to take this out of our general funds. But we are wondering if some of our friends may not be moved to pledge themselves for this regular monthly gift. Why not maintain a nurse, or maintain two nurses, in the Holy Land?

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# Here and There

Brother Stettler writes from Switzerland: "Thank you for the gift toward the Gospel tent. This tent, which will seat 1100 people, is on its way across the Atlantic to enter service. Praise God! I have already used the motorcycle for four hundred miles or more. It's wonderful going up and down mountain slopes without perspiring and 'stepping on it' as I had to with the bicycle. We are getting better acquainted with each other all the time, and have had miles and miles of prayer on the way. On the road, speeding along at forty or fifty miles, it does not take much time for a mile of prayer."

From the Swiss periodical, "Nachrichten aus der Ostmission," sent us by Brother Stettler, we translate one of the most touching documents that has yet come out of Europe—a letter from a ten-year-old boy in Germany, to those in Switzerland who had befriended him:

Dear Uncle in Switzerland:—

Yesterday my aunt came to see us, and told me she had received a beautiful package from you. Now I would like to ask whether you have a pair of old shoes for me; I go barefoot all the time, and it is too cold for that. Rosemary goes barefoot too; she is four years old. Dear uncle, I wait every day for the postman to see if there is a package from you, but he always goes by. Don't you love us any more? Mamma says you love everybody, and help all the poor, as our Lord Jesus did.

Please don't be displeased at my poor writing, I am ten years old, and am going to school this year for the first time, but I will make it all up. Dear uncle, the shoes don't have to be leather, I would be satisfied with a pair of wooden shoes, and they needn't be pretty to look at. Have you a dress for my mother? She has nothing to put on, and she is going to have a birthday soon. It can be an old dress with holes, she will make it like new. Mamma doesn't know I am writing this. I cut some wood for Miss Wilkens, and she gave me writing-paper and a stamp. Pray for us; the Lord Jesus will hear you, because you love all men. When I grow up, I am going to be like you, and help everybody. Dear uncle, I was three days writing this letter. Now, with many greetings,

Your WOLFGANG.

Bread and milk for Christmas! Sister Emmy H. Steyrer writes from Vienna: "The CARE packages are so excellent, for they contain flour, fat and sugar, also dried fruit and two large cans of milk powder, all things I need so much for sick people and weak children. At Christmas I could have twenty-four loaves of white bread baked (the baker takes one pound of flour, one ounce of fat, and one ounce of sugar, and makes quite a large fancy-looking loaf out of it), and what a Christmas present it was! And how happy the people were to get it! With a little coffee and milk and sugar, they had a real feast, and it was good and nourishing. I take very little for myself out of these packages, for a real missionary has a large family. Fifty, sixty and more members may belong to it,—all people who are in need of help."

Hearty, though belated congratulations go to Pastor Max Monsky, of Moedling (near Vienna), who on March 9th celebrated his seventy-second birthday. He writes that by the blessing of God he is still well, strong, and eager to work. An old acquaintance, meeting him after thirty years, asked: "Monsky, Monsky? Are you perhaps a son of the old Pastor Monsky?" To which he joyfully replied: "No, no, it is I myself." He asks prayer for his faithful secretary, Mrs. Amalie Borochowsky, and his no less faithful housekeeper, Mrs. Milda Hoefler.

Through the kindness of various friends, including our printer, we have been able to send supplies of paper regularly to Pastor Bernhard Goetze, of Uslar/Solling, in the British zone of Germany. He is printing monthly leaflets under the titles "Mission and Evangelization" and "The New Way."

Dr. Joachim Mueller and Jacob Dyck, of Stuttgart-Muehlhausen, remember a visit paid to Wernigerode am Harz by Rev. Norman J. Smith in 1925. They write: "He was for years a faithful supporter of our work, through intercession and love-gifts from friends of your missionary society. God will now richly and eternally reward him for this."

More than three hundred students from France, Italy, Germany and Switzerland will be present at the Western European Student Conference, August 7-16, in Switzerland. The purpose of this conference is to launch the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship in these countries.

Belgium is a country of which we have not heard much lately. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grikman, laboring in Brussels, report that thousands of Slavonic refugees have come there to work in the coal-mines. Pray for them as they minister to these needy ones, through preaching and Scripture distribution.

Pray also for Rev. Guido Waldemar Oliveira, in his special work of preaching the Gospel to the young people in Portugal. He is anxious to print and distribute suitable literature among them. He writes: "Pray that the Lord may give me all needed spiritual grace, physical strength, and material means for the different aspects of the task He has entrusted to me in His vineyard."

A sister writes from Germany: "When your package arrived, I went to a quiet little corner of our present refugee dwelling, knelt down and praised my God and Heavenly Father for His goodness, love and mercy. And I felt myself unspeakably rich in my present poverty, because I have learned and know that 'God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever,' and 'I have put my trust in the Lord.' I praise my Heavenly Father for all His present mercies to me. God has used you, and other precious children of God, to help somebody you did not even know. He will reward you."

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS—April and May, 1948
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts.)

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 32286---$35.00 | 32326--$134.00 | 32366---$10.00 | 32406---$10.00 |
| 32287----25.00 | 32327-----2.00 | 32367----10.00 | 32407-----5.00 |
| 32288-----2.00 | 32328----10.00 | 32368-----5.00 | 32408----11.00 |
| 32289------.50 | 32329----75.00 | 32369----20.00 | 32409----15.00 |
| 32290-----5.00 | 32330---300.00 | 32370----10.00 | 32410----60.00 |
| 32291----20.00 | 32331----50.00 | 32371----10.00 | 32411-----2.00 |
| 32292-----5.00 | 32332----40.00 | 32372-----5.00 | 32412-----2.00 |
| 32293----10.00 | 32333----10.00 | 32373----50.00 | 32413-----3.00 |
| 32294----15.00 | 32334---115.00 | 32374----40.00 | 32414-----5.00 |
| 32295-----1.00 | 32335----20.00 | 32375---100.00 | 32415-----5.00 |
| 32296----20.00 | 32336----10.00 | 32376----25.00 | 32416-----3.00 |
| 32297-----5.00 | 32337-----5.00 | 32377----10.00 | 32417-----5.00 |
| 32298-----3.00 | 32338-----3.00 | 32378-----5.00 | 32418----70.00 |
| 32299-----3.00 | 32339---350.00 | 32379-----1.00 | 32419----50.00 |
| 32300---200.00 | 32340----10.00 | 32380-----5.00 | 32420----10.00 |
| 32301----34.00 | 32341-----5.00 | 32381-----1.00 | 32421----25.00 |
| 32302----50.00 | 32342-----5.00 | 32382----10.00 | 32422-----1.00 |
| 32303----10.00 | 32343----10.00 | 32383----10.00 | 32423----10.00 |
| 32304----20.00 | 32344----20.50 | 32384-----1.00 | 32424----10.00 |
| 32305----10.00 | 32345---100.00 | 32385----50.00 | 32425----10.00 |
| 32306----30.00 | 32346---200.00 | 32386-----5.00 | 32426----75.00 |
| 32307----16.00 | 32347-----5.00 | 32387----10.00 | 32427----13.50 |
| 32308---100.00 | 32348----75.00 | 32388----10.00 | 32428-----5.00 |
| 32309----10.00 | 32349----10.00 | 32389--1154.31 | 32429----10.00 |
| 32310-----2.00 | 32350-----7.50 | 32390----10.00 | 32430-----5.00 |
| 32311----30.00 | 32351-----7.00 | 32391-----2.00 | 32431----15.00 |
| 32312-----5.00 | 32352----15.00 | 32392-----2.00 | 32432-----5.00 |
| 32313----10.00 | 32353-----5.00 | 32393----22.68 | 32433----16.00 |
| 32314-----2.00 | 32354----25.00 | 32394-----1.00 | 32434----35.00 |
| 32315----30.00 | 32355----13.00 | 32395----10.00 | 32435----12.00 |
| 32316-----5.00 | 32356----75.00 | 32396----20.00 | 32436-----4.43 |
| 32317----10.00 | 32357-----5.00 | 32397----75.00 | 32437----25.00 |
| 32318----10.00 | 32358-----2.00 | 32398-----5.00 | 32438-----7.50 |
| 32319-----5.00 | 32359-----1.00 | 32399----31.00 | 32439----15.00 |
| 32320----10.00 | 32360-----1.00 | 32400-----2.00 | 32440----10.00 |
| 32321----53.00 | 32361-----1.50 | 32401---333.00 | 32441----10.00 |
| 32322-----1.00 | 32362---300.00 | 32402-----4.00 | 32442-----5.00 |
| 32323----- 2.00 | 32363----35.00 | 32403----20.00 | 32443-----5.00 |
| 32324----25.00 | 32364-----5.00 | 32404-----5.00 | 32444----10.00 |
| 32325----19.00 | 32365----21.00 | 32405-----1.00 | 32445----15.00 |

Our dear friends:— April 29, 1948.

We are thinking with you tonight of your dear one and our dear friend, who was indeed a precious gift of God to so many lives. How sorely you must miss his presence, yet what a joy and what a comfort it must be to you to have so large a part in carrying on the work which he so long and faithfully loved and served. In memory of him whom we also miss, and in the desire to help, though in so small a way, the great work committed to him and to his co-workers, we are sending the enclosed thank-offering for his life, and that we were given a share in his friendship. The bond between us never changes. May the radiance of His presence fill your hearts and lives.

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Would not others like to commemorate, in a similar way, the birthday or other anniversary of some dear one, who is now with the Lord? How could it be better done than by a living memorial, in the form of a gift put to work in winning souls for Christ?